

# Student Review

BYU's Unofficial Magazine

year 3, issue 2

Provo, Utah

September 7, 1988

## The Gospel According to Spielberg

by Eric Wilson

I am not easily offended. In fact, one of the things that gets on my nerves the most is people who feel it is their obligation to chastise someone every time he swears, give dirty looks to people who smoke in elevators, or loudly proclaim their indignation at every profane bumper sticker they see. Growing up in predominantly Mormon neighborhoods, I learned to know a lot of wonderful, righteous people. Unfortunately their numbers were equally matched by the self-righteous. Taking offense at the actions of others and making sure this offense is known seems to be a favorite pastime of Mormon society.

I must admit, however, that I also have these occasional moments of intense personal offense and even self-righteousness. One of them occurred this past summer while waiting for a priesthood meeting to start. Someone passed out to the members of the quorum an advertisement of an upcoming, well-known Church production. This production was not some upstart attempt at entrepreneurship, but the queen mother of Church pageantry, THE pageant—the mighty Hill Cumorah.

This slick, glossy handbill told of incredible lighting, an action-packed script, optical illusions, a half million dollar stage, and the promise of a short (I think it was to

be less than an hour), lively entertainment. All that was missing was a picture of Indiana Jones with a half naked woman wrapped around his ankles. Apparently, THE Pageant has undergone a complete makeover. *The New York Times* this summer did a large review on the Hill Cumorah Pageant. It told of increased professionalism, a livelier script (minus archaic—read scriptural—text), and high-tech, special effects. In short, big bucks plus high tech plus Hollywood consulting equals quality entertainment.

Perhaps. But does it equal good religion? I do not think I have ever been more offended by any advertisement. If it had been Michael Jackson, Arnold Schwarzenegger or the latest T&A beach film, I probably would not have even noticed, but this was my religion. This is the faith of my pioneer ancestors, the ideals I spent two cold years in Finland defending, the doctrines I have struggled long and hard with, the religion that has taught me, when I am truly willing to humble myself, what lasting joy is all about. But, staring at me from the small handbill I was holding, I found all the depth of a Burger King advertisement.

To be fair to the people who developed this production and those who advertised it, I should say that I understand (I hope) their intentions. The idea, of course, is to attract the

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SR Art by Jeff Lee

### CAMPUS LIFE



Lucky Charms

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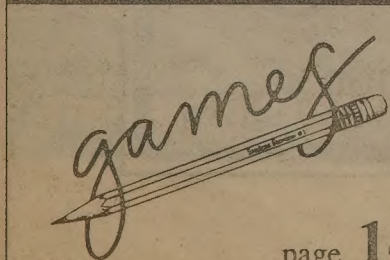
### EDITORIAL



State of the Art

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## Welcome Back from the Review

This year, as in previous years, I drove across country from my home in Boston to Provo. The drive is tedious, and sheer boredom forces thought. In the past my thoughts while travelling have been these: I'm leaving the East coast and punishing myself for three days so I can arrive in the burger joint sprawl capital of the world. Everything is going to be the same. They'll have a big Y on the Tanner

building maybe, so big deal. My rent will be higher and Provo will have another shopping center. Otherwise, no change.

This year I feel differently, and here's why: This summer Boston was alive with things to do. I found, however, that I had the most fun when I was visited by my BYU friends. I learned that people make an area exciting, not vice versa. With that in mind I return to Provo, and to this University, with greater anticipation.

Maybe I'm looking at things more like my parents would. My mother never says a bad word about anybody. In her vocabulary, the obese become "big boned", and the Elephant Man is "interesting looking". My

dad is the same way. Sometimes I like to test my white haired, conservative dad. One time I blasted a grating rock song and asked him what he thought. "Well," he said, "it certainly has a definitive bass line."

My parents don't mindlessly euphemize, nor do they ignore wrongs. But they do reserve judgement, and have genuine interest in all types of people, art, and learning. In that same spirit, I hope *Student Review* will continue to positively explore this institution, and its students. Tolerance and a constructive attitude is a sign of maturity in both people and newspapers.

see Welcome on back page

## Will The Real Duke Please Stand Up?

by Ron Sasine

In an ongoing attempt to depict their candidate as a powerful leader, the liberal national media has suddenly become fond of referring to Massachusetts Governor and Democratic Presidential Candidate Michael Dukakis as "The Duke." "The Duke" suggests toughness, determination, and strength; qualities all found in the man very different from Governor Dukakis.

John Wayne is the real Duke. After playing football (before pads) at USC, he made the American West safe for women and children, beat the Japanese out of the Pacific, and preserved the American Way for millions of moviegoers. John Wayne represents patriotism, individuality, and independence, three

values that are increasingly threatened by a Democratic party bent on military cutbacks,

*Don't miss the Bush and Duke cutout dolls on page 9*

huge social programs, and government intervention in the private sector.

In line with their drastic ideological differences, John Wayne and Michael Dukakis are divided sharply on the issues. Dukakis staunchly opposes aid to the the Nicaraguan Resistance, calling it a violation of international law. The Real Duke, if his record is any indication, would take the law into his own

hands and lead the Contras into Managua with his Colt .45 and his good-ol' United States Marine Corps guts. Imagine a film like "Bermudez' Boys," or "The Sands of Sapo," with John Wayne beating up on a Daniel Ortega played by Geraldo Rivera. Bliss. And what about Star Wars? Dukakis has criticized President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative throughout the campaign,

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## Student Review

year 3 • issue 2

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving BYU's campus community. It is edited and managed by student volunteers: BYU students from all disciplines are encouraged to contribute to the Review.

Opinions expressed are those of individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, the editors, Brigham Young University, or The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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If you are interested in becoming involved with Student Review, please write or telephone:

P.O. Box 7092  
Provo, Utah 84602  
(801) 377-2980

### STAFF

**Publisher**•Kermit O. King  
**Associate Publisher**• Stirling Adams

**Editor**•Merril Oates  
**Associate Editors**•Willia Murphy, Gary Burgess, Mark Freeman  
**Front Page**• Mark Christiansen  
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# Interview With Elbert Peck

*Elbert Peck is the editor of Sunstone magazine, published by the Sunstone Foundation. He was also the first managing editor of the 7th East Press.*

**SR:** What is the mission of the Sunstone Foundation?

**Peck:** To foster Mormon studies, scholarship, and arts. It's basically an independent forum for exploring and discussing Mormon culture and theology.

**SR:** How is Sunstone magazine different from other publications dealing with Mormonism, such as Dialogue, BYU Studies, and the Ensign?

**Peck:** Sunstone is not a scholarly journal, where Dialogue and BYU Studies are. Sunstone has a lot more opinion, shorter pieces, news, and a lot more graphics.

It differs from the Ensign in that it appeals primarily to a college educated audience who wants to have their Mormon experience discussed in a more rigorous way than you ever would have in the Church. And it's independent.

**SR:** Some Mormons object to the idea of an independent publication that deals in doctrinal speculation and in criticizing the Church. How would you respond to such a view?

**Peck:** Well, I view Sunstone in the same way that I view the conversations that go on in the hallways and lobbies of the Church—I think they are central to our community. However, many of the things you're comfortable with hearing in the lobby with friends you certainly wouldn't want in a sacrament talk over the pulpit.

Likewise, Sunstone is an independent forum

where people think and talk, but you wouldn't want many of the things in Sunstone to appear in the Ensign or in General Conference. That doesn't mean saints shouldn't continue to talk on their own.

**SR:** What's the relation between faith and religion in studying Mormonism? Some would say study should be based on faith, and then reason used to explore the implications of that faith.

**Peck:** Yes, I'm very comfortable with that, and I would say that myself. Although wouldn't your explorations also change your faith? As you learn, you ask questions like "What do these new things tell me about how God works among men?" When you start studying history and you find that some of your earlier notions were a little naive, then you end up with more refined and adult notions.

I think the description of faith in Alma is a very healthy one—it's a process where you have seeds, you plant them, and they grow. Then you build on that and you plant new seeds. Faith and reason are connected ideas—you plant in your heart the word and end up with reason. Then you plant that in your heart, and sometimes it grows and sometimes it doesn't. The two are interrelated, and they both change each other.

Throughout this process faith must be continually replenished. And faith is anchored ultimately not by reason, but by spiritual experience. Your understanding of those experiences may change by reason, but whether or not you believe that Joseph Smith was a

prophet is something you arrive at not by reason but by the Spirit.

**SR:** Let's move now to the Seventh East Press. You were the founding editor—who else was in the initial group?

**Peck:** Before I came on board there were two other people: Ron Priddis and Anthony Schmitt. They had an idea to organize a newspaper. They came to a study group I belonged to, and I was recruited to be the editor. The three of us, along with some other friends from the study group, began planning the first issue and getting other volunteers involved.

**SR:** Why start another paper? Wasn't the Universe enough?

**Peck:** I try not to put the 7th East Press in competition with the Universe, although people at the Universe and students at BYU were always doing that, but I really saw them as filling two different roles. The Universe is a laboratory newspaper to teach journalism students how to pull together a strictly newspaper. The 7th East Press was to provide an outlet for students who weren't in journalism to express their views and ideas, and experience writing for a real audience and working for a real editor.

In addition, 7th East Press was primarily an intellectual newspaper. It didn't presume to try to report on current events. It reported on issues and ideas, and it only reported on events as they had intellectual overtones to them. So

see Interview on back page

## WELCOME BACK

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# The 7th East Press

## Experiment in Expression at BYU

by Mark D. Christiansen

The *7th East Press* was an unofficial student paper at BYU before most current students came to the university. The first issue came out in October, 1981. In February, 1983 the paper was prohibited from distributing on campus, and the ban received national media coverage. A few months after the ban, the paper died.

### Beginnings of the 7EP

The origins of the *7th East Press* can be traced to the 1980 student elections. A group called the Open Door party claimed the university had a list of banned speakers and music groups. The group also charged the administration with manipulating student club charters and alleged that BYU security officers were harassing students. Ron Priddis, spokesman for Open Door, wrote a column for the *Universe* urging students to "stand up, shake off the crap, and turn on the light."

None of the Open Door candidates were elected.

In September, 1981, Priddis and others announced plans for an alternative newspaper at BYU, which would deal "with relevant and controversial issues not read elsewhere on campus." After initial opposition, the administration granted approval for the paper to be sold in the Bookstore.

### Controversial articles

The first issue of the *7th East Press* appeared October 6, 1981. Thereafter, issues appeared irregularly once or twice per month. In addition to political opinions, articles by BYU professors, movie reviews, and other features, the paper printed controversial articles about campus issues—homosexuals at BYU, and former BYU president Wilkinson's "spy ring," for example. The *Press* also published regular articles on doctrinal speculations, such as "Does God Progress in Knowledge?" and "Brigham Young and the Adam-God Theory."

The November 17, 1982 issue contained a disparaging article on the office of the Patriarch to the Church, which mentioned that a Patriarch had been released and disfellowshipped because of homosexuality. A number of people in Salt Lake took offense at the remark.

In January, 1983 the *Press* ran a five page interview with U. of U. philosophy professor Sterling McMurrin. In that interview McMurrin stated, "I came to the conclusion at a very early age...that you don't get books from angels and translate them by miracles....So I simply don't believe the Book of Mormon to be authentic." He also said, among other things, that the Church has intentionally distorted its history, and that "there is a lot of nonsense" in Joseph Smith's King Follett sermon.

### The ban

On February 9, a *Universe* article announced that BYU was withdrawing its permission for the *7th East Press* to be sold or distributed on campus. Paul Richards, Director of

Public Communications for BYU, stated: "The *7th East Press* has published several articles relating to the Church that cause us to feel we have no obligation to provide university facilities as an avenue for distributing the paper."

In a recent interview, Richards said that he didn't know who made the final decision, but that "there was discussion back and forth between BYU and Salt Lake." "It was a mutual decision made over a period of time, not just a snap decision," he added.

### Reaction to the ban

Upon learning of the ban, *Press* staff members alerted the media. KUTV and KSL aired reports in their evening news broadcasts. Newspapers as far away as Seattle, Chicago, and Washington D.C. ran stories on the affair.

Tim Kelly, managing editor of the *Denver Post*, cancelled a speaking appearance at BYU, protesting, "I can't in good conscience, as a journalist and representative of the *Denver Post*, sanction an institution that is trampling on a freedom that's a cornerstone of my profession."

The BYU chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists urged President Holland to reconsider the decision, stating, "It seems to us this Church, which is founded on truth, should not be afraid to have its members exposed to a variety of ideas."

*President Holland called, on one hour's notice, an unscheduled 'emergency' meeting of the Dean's Council. Holland is rumored to have begun the meeting with, 'How did we get ourselves into this mess?'*

The week of the ban 160 faculty members signed petitions opposing the move.

According to the March 8 issue of the *7th East Press*, "Amidst the flurry of media excitement, BYU President Jeffrey Holland called, on one hour's notice, an unscheduled 'emergency' meeting of the Dean's Council. Holland is rumored to have begun the meeting with, 'How did we get ourselves into this mess?'"

After the ban was announced, *7th East Press* staff members met with university officials in an effort to get the paper back on campus, but no compromise was forthcoming.

The April 12 issue—the last—said the paper would undergo "sweeping changes" with a new name, new editor, and several new staff members.

The new paper, *The University Post*, produced two issues that Spring, and then also ended.

### The ban: how significant?

According to William Porter, assistant professor of journalism at BYU, *7th East Press* readership was never very large. A survey conducted in Spring of 1983 showed the readership among students and faculty as "insignificant." "I don't think there was a lot of awareness or general interest for the paper before the ban," Porter said. (One source put *7th East Press* circulation at 4,000.) In Porter's opinion, the loud response to the ban was an overreaction.

Kelly, on the other hand, stated, "My feeling is that while the newspaper is small, the issue is large....The action is a blatant attempt to suppress dissent and a violation of First Amendment rights." Kelly later said in an address delivered at the University of Utah that even if the ban was not illegal, it was ethically wrong.

Dean Huffaker, managing editor of *7th East Press* at the time of the ban, declared that the campus ban was "very discouraging and reflects the Church's attitude on open intellectual freedom."

Nelson Wadsworth, a BYU journalism professor, asserted, "This is a freedom of information issue, and the most important thing journalists do every day is to battle for that freedom."

### BYU defends its decision

Paul Richards, in a *Universe* article at the time of the ban, disagreed that the prohibition was in violation of First Amendment rights: "If we had destroyed presses, burned buildings, any of these tactics, it would be, but we are defending our right as a Church to make a statement."

"We granted the *7th East Press* permission to distribute their newspaper on campus, and we can withdraw that permission. The paper is still available off campus. We are not taking away anyone's right to read the paper."

"We have no obligation to hold someone's coat while they hit our sponsor in the nose....All we're saying is that as an institution, we don't feel that we need to be a vehicle for distribution."

Richards recently commented further on the ban: "BYU granted permission for the *7th East Press* to be distributed on campus, so in a sense the university became a medium for aiding its distribution. BYU has had to be very careful about how it is used. Many people want to appear to have BYU backing because it means, by extension, that the Church also supports them."

"When a paper with a heavy BYU connection is critical of the Church, the connection is made that *BYU* is being critical of the Church. That's a difficult position for us to be in, when our board of trustees supports *BYU* financially to a great extent."

In a manuscript written shortly after the ban, Martin Hickman, BYU political science professor and Dean of the College of Family, Home & Social Sciences at the time of the ban, agrees that the action was in accord with the First Amendment: "The First Amendment provides that Congress shall make 'no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press.' That prohibition applies only to governmental action....Indeed, the notion that the government can require private individuals or organizations to permit others to distribute literature on their property is the very antithesis of the protection of the freedom of the press in the First Amendment."

Hickman claims that BYU's action "was well within its legal and moral obligations to the *7th East Press*."

As to the suppression of ideas at BYU, Hickman says that every university limits the expression of certain views. "There are Nobel Prize winners who cannot speak on some campuses of the most prestigious universities in the country. Does that make those universities less a university? Should Brandeis University provide a forum for those who deny the importance of the holocaust?"

According to Hickman, although BYU does limit some ideas, "The freedom of expression for students, faculty members, and visitors is enhanced [in other areas]. The deepest religious views can be expressed without fear of the censure which would surely come in a secular institution."

BYU gave permission for the *7th East Press* to distribute on campus, and then later withdrew that permission. But the fate of the paper raises the question: what can be expressed at BYU? The *7th East Press* is gone. The question remains.

## ATTENTION

### Students, Scholars, Lovers of the Book of Mormon

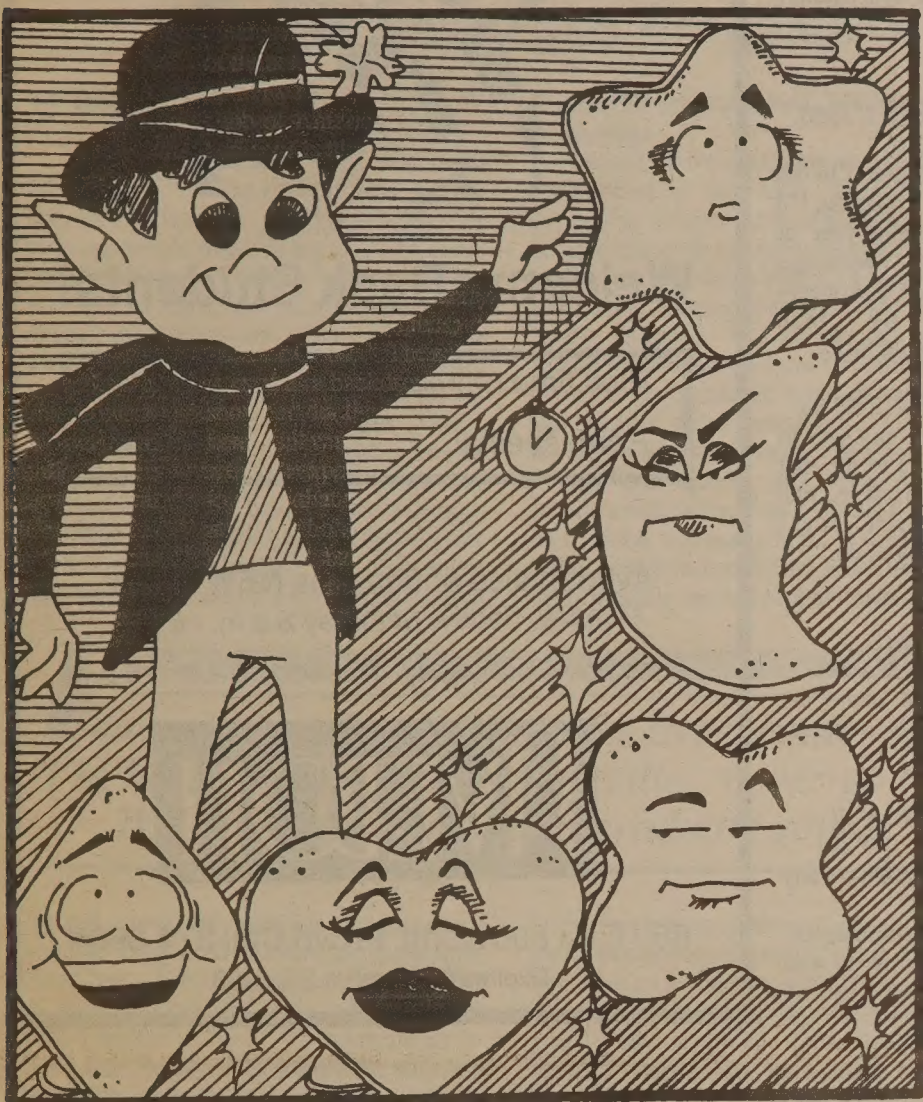
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# CAMPUS LIFE



SR art by Jeff Lee

## Psychoanalysis and Lucky Charms

by Elden Nelson

Psychology is needlessly complex. I know this, because my mother is a psychologist—so I had a needlessly complex childhood. If I threw a temper tantrum, my mother wouldn't have the mercy to give me a swat and send me to my room where I could have a therapeutic sulking session. She would patiently and (this is the really awful part) often pleasantly explain to me what my rationale for throwing that tantrum were, how they would affect my future adolescent behavior, and so on. Getting a bad grade in school would produce a similar lecture. So would getting my trousers muddy. So would swearing at my sisters. I suppose that my mother tells equally aggravating things to the people who pay her.

That's just the problem. In my case, my mother tried to psychoanalyze me by trailing me about for most of my childhood and telling me things that definitely had a more profound effect upon my psychological makeup than any other circumstance in my childhood (an interesting paradox). In her paying clients' cases, she has to muck about in their minds trying to find significant occurrences, traumatic events, what they see in ink splashes, and then consult her huge library and her own vast mental storehouse of knowledge, and decide whether it means anything. It's a lot of work.

The point is, though, that she didn't need to go to college to learn all of this complexity. She didn't need to traumatize my puberty by explaining in careful detail why I suddenly

turned into an idiot at age fourteen. She (or anyone else) could quickly and effectively psychoanalyze anybody just by sitting down with them for a quick bowl of Lucky Charms.

It's true. Don't scorn. I've watched a lot of people eat this frosted oat cereal with sweet surprises. The way a person eats Lucky Charms and how this person behaves while eating them reveals everything about him/her. Follow me, step by step, through a psychoanalytical breakfast.

### The Set up Process

Here we find vital clues as to how easy-going (or tense) a person is. Also, sense of self-worth is established. Does the patient get out a big bowl or a small one? A big bowl represents self-confidence; the patient is not afraid of obesity or the gas which occasionally accompanies Lucky Charms. Big spoons on the other hand, represent an up-tight, ulcer-bound attitude. The kind of person who doesn't have time to enjoy a bowl of Lucky Charms by eating them slowly and leisurely, is also probably the type who rushes through art museums, only skims the comic section of the newspaper, and often barks "Let's get to the point!" whenever a study group embarks on an interesting, if not relevant, tangent.

### Food Preparation

Here you can quickly find out many items concerning your subject's creativity. If the milk is poured after the cereal, he or she is likely to become an accountant, garbage collector, or in some other left-brain dominated field. Milk before the cereal either indicates non-conformity or that the subject does not watch the cereal commercials on

television. The effect is the same: he or she cannot properly function in society.

Next, how is the milk poured? When poured in a circular motion, the milk indicates that the pourer wishes to control his or her destiny. This method, if highly systematized, signifies a "yuppie" attitude. Pouring the milk directly into the center signifies a fatalistic approach towards life. "The Lucky Charms will all eventually get wet anyway, so why should I do anything to speed the process?" is the prevalent attitude here. Regardless of the manner in which the milk is poured, watch carefully to see if any is spilled. People who clean up quickly tend to be introverts—they don't want to force their philosophies on others. People who clean up at their leisure are just the opposite—they try to maximize their circles of influence. People who don't clean up at all are usually sloppy dressers.

Between the pouring and the eating is an interim. The length of this interim is directly proportional to how easily one adapts to new surroundings. The type of person who makes friends easily automatically assumes that everyone else does, too, and even extends this philosophy to the Lucky Charms and milk. Thinking that the breakfast components need little or no time to get to know each other, the subject digs in immediately. If, however, the subject would take a little while to feel comfortable in a new neighborhood, this discomfort will be extended to the cereal, which takes a little while to be softened by the milk.

Eating Why we are using Lucky Charms in this experiment now becomes apparent—it is a cereal of choices. Not only does it offer color differences, it also presents the options of variable sweetness (the marshmallows are much sweeter than the "oat things"—I don't know what the oat things are technically called, so I just call them "oat things"), variable textures, and quantitative differences (there are many more oat things than marshmallows). Watch carefully for your subjects' eating methodology—almost everyone has one. If the technique seems almost mind-bogglingly obscure, ask your subject if she/he has one. People are generally quite proud of their techniques and will explain their system to you in great detail.

Those who eat their cereal non-discriminatorily are of a blunt, homey, take-life-as-it-comes nature. They are not consciously racist, and they would just as soon ride a Schwinn as a Jaguar (the car, not the animal). They who eat the oat things last are pessimists. They don't believe that good exists in the world, so when they have a bowl of something good mockingly staring them in the face, they destroy the best part of it as expeditiously as possible.

The most complex category belongs to those who carefully try to save the marshmallows until the end. Some fail, indicating a lack of perseverance. Some manage to wait until all of the oat things are gone before wolfing down the marshmallows; this is healthy, UNLESS they immediately pour another bowlful; this indicates severe schizophrenia, and possibly masochistic tendencies—most people fit into this category. The third category are those who, once they have eaten all the oat things, eat the marshmallows, one by one, by color. This can be done in a number of ways, the two most common being to eat them in rotation, ie: a star, a diamond, a heart, a clover, a horseshoe, a star, etc., and to eat all of one color, one by one. The difference between the personalities of these two types of people is negligible; either

method generally indicates a compulsion to clean their living rooms, make their beds, wash their hands, and check themselves in the mirror to make sure that their hair/makeup is okay.

Everyone drinks the milk afterward. Sorry, Freudians—no symbolism here.

Of course, the "Lucky Charms psychoanalytic method" will never be accepted by "respectable" psychologists—it's too easy, too straightforward; it doesn't use enough confusing terms for the average overeducated analyst. My mother will probably disown me once she's heard of my revolutionary technique. But that doesn't mean you can't try it. Tomorrow morning, have Lucky Charms. And have a pad of paper and a leather couch nearby.

## For Inquiring Minds...

### Busy as a Bee

At a recent press conference Utah Senator Orrin Hatch announced that the University of Utah is the designated university of homosexuals, abortions, liberals, and Anti-Christians. Also this week, former heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali endorsed Senator Hatch as his choice for one of Utah's U.S. Senate seats. Ali was in Salt Lake City recently as an out-patient in the newly-established Center for the Study of Lasting Cerebral Damage, a division of the University of Utah Medical Center. When asked to comment on Senator Hatch's remarks, Ali stated "I'm not gay, you will see. I just fly like a butterfly and sting like a bee."

### Hands Off Quayle

Senator Dan Quayle responded to allegations that he has several times in the past left public and private restrooms without washing his hands.

Senator Quayle said in the press conference that he always washes his hands, even when he stops to comb his hair. When Democratic hopeful Mike Dukakis was asked for his opinion on the matter, he replied, "I can only speak for myself, and I always wash my hands after using the men's room. I also soak my nails every night." Vice President George Bush states Dan Quayle will continue to be on the ticket, and added, "We all forget to wash up every now and then."

—Brendan Merrick

### Bones for Bus Tickets

In their move to relieve tensions in the West Bank, Israeli government officials are pursuing a new policy of offering medical reimbursements to those Palestinian refugees injured in the recent uprisings. As an example, for those whose arms were broken by disapproving Israeli soldiers, the government is now promising free round-trip bus tickets back to the neighborhoods they were driven from twenty years ago.

"Yeah, it was great, seeing the old home again. The family there invited me in for a couple of minutes, and they even sold me some souvenirs," one young Palestinian wearing a cast on both arms said. The government seems pleased with the new program, and has even stated that the West Bank may turn into a new tourism center for the beleaguered nation.



CAMPUS LIFE

# Top 20

1. Chocolate Raspberry Truffle Ice Cream At Baskin Robbins
2. The Pat and Jeff Show
3. Down Pillows
4. The First Law Of Motion
5. Vertigo
6. 3-inch CD's
7. Kennings
8. Geometric Sunglasses
9. Ascending Christology
10. Coca-cola slurpees (32 Oz.)
11. Hikes to Silver Lake
12. Frisbee at Kiwanis Park
13. Saint Christopher
14. Understatement
15. Catholic/Mormon communion in Purgatory
16. Continental Drift
17. Gender inclusive language
18. ATM's At 3:00 A.m.
19. Spy Magazine
20. Freshmen with a sense of humor

# Bottom 10

Pirates Of Penzance, The "New" KBER, lost car keys, Hostess Pudding Pies, Roger Rabbit Hype, Covey's Headache, Rent, Percolating Jacuzzi Scum, Self-righteous self-meditation, and Uptight honors cadets.

# Eavesdroppings...

First there was Nixon.  
Then the Blob.

You think the yellow sponge from Manhattan was bad? I eat that for breakfast. Here's what the eavesdropper heard this week:

*Stevenettes, September 1, 9:06 pm*

Curious Consumer: "Do you have ice cream in a dish?"  
Helpful Attendant: "No, but we eat our shakes with a spoon!"

*Inside a JKHB hall, Aug 31, 3:55 pm.*

Questioning freshman: Is this where English 115 is held?  
Knowledgeable sophomore: Yeah.  
Questioning freshman: Oh. I must be at the wrong place, then.

*Night class in TNRB, September 1, 1988, 6:30 p.m.*  
Student to instructor: We are cancelling class for the game next Thursday, right? I mean, what's more important?

*In the step down lounge, August 29, 1988 4:27 p.m.*  
Astounded guy: You got married? No way?! Why'd you do that?

Bemused married guy: Uh, I dunno. Because I asked her, I guess.

*Cougareat, September 2, 1988, 10:47 a.m.*

Pensive girl: "By the time I'm old enough to go on a mission, I'll only have one more year of school, and I'll just want to get it out of the way. I'll probably be married by then anyway...unless I get lucky."

*7-Eleven, September 2, 2:04 pm*

Haughty girl: "So this guy says to me, 'This girl says to me that I'm not real easy to talk to...like I push myself on them.' And I say to him, 'Well, you do.'"

*South Doors, HBLL, August 31, 1988, 5:35 p.m.*

Perceptive guy: How come the lights are off in the Blind Reading Room?

*Deseret Books, Univ. Mall, September 2, 1988, 3:28 pm*

LDS Bookworm: "Do you have any F.A.R.M.S. papers?"

Spanish Farkian Bookmaster: "What kind of farms do you want to fill out?"



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# AVEDON

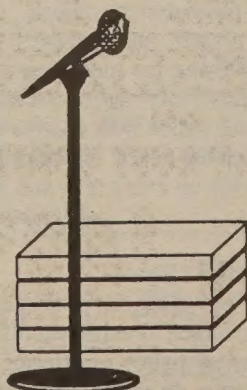
669 East 800 North, Provo Call 374-6606  
Expires September 30, 1988



# BYUSA's

# Calender of Events

## SOAPBOX



Wednesdays  
11:45-1:30  
Checkerboard Quad

## Club Presidents

Please attend the BYUSA Club President's seminar  
Saturday, Sept. 10th  
8:30am-12:00 375 ELWC

## Club Week

Sept. 12-16 Memorial Lounge  
Come see what BYUSA clubs have to offer!

## Reap

(Re-Entry Awareness Program)  
Orientation Meeting  
Brown Bag Luncheon  
Wed. Sept. 7 & Thurs. Sept. 8  
12:00 Noon- ELWC 251  
-For re-entry / nontraditional student 25 years or older returning to college after a long break or beginning their University Education at a mature age.

## SPIRIT OF THE 'Y' WEEK

Sept. 12-16

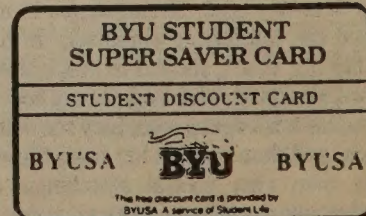
check Daily Universe for more info

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# "I Came to Get an Education" or "Why I Don't Like Football"

by Rodney Fuller

Like most of you at the 'Y', I came to get an education. Unlike some of you, I came only for an education. And I plan to leave as soon as possible with two degrees, a lot of accumulated books, knowing both what I am and how to learn, and most importantly, a strengthened testimony. I have three rules that help me to remember why I'm here: Never go to Springville; never go to a BYU football game; and graduate single. At first glance these might seem to be a ridiculous set of rules, but each one helps me to remember a part of something I believe in very deeply.

Now, I have nothing against Springville, from what I hear it is a nice little town, but it represents how the towns in Utah each strive

to affect his self perception. Which brings us to marriage.

Again, I have absolutely nothing against marriage as an institution. Instead, I have everything against the way people at the Y seem to approach it. I guess the one thing that bothers me the most is how most people seem to feel that needing someone is the same as loving someone. I never can get used to seeing roommates go from thinking human beings to "twitterpated" blobs of indecision. But the most ironic anomaly of BYU "bliss" is that guy who agonizes over how he is going to ask that special girl, who normally couldn't make a decision if her life depended on it, if she will marry him. It would make more sense if he just picked a day, told her to dress in white and to bring her parents along

**I** have three rules that help me to remember why I'm here: Never go to Springville; never go to a BYU football game; and graduate single.

for self-esteem by throwing a pageant or a festival. They all do it. Manti has its pageant; Provo has its Freedom Festival; Salt Lake has its Pioneer Day; and every other po-dunk little town has its "day." To celebrate something like "freedom" is admirable, but from what I've seen we end up celebrating the "festival" and forget the other part. So each of these productions becomes "Utah celebrating Utah" and we end up exactly where we left off—except that we have wasted two or three days. Which is exactly what I have against BYU football.

Before you tar and feather me for what I'm going to say, please understand that I have tried to give football a fair chance. I've been to both the Rose Bowl and the Super Bowl and hated both. And while I'm sure that the people who play the game are enjoying themselves, I can't understand how a fan can enjoy a game. If someone is interested in the game enough to dedicate hours to watching it, why don't they just go out and play it themselves? And when the members of a team win a game, why do all the fans celebrate? They didn't play. When the combination of expertise and opportunities combine to make someone a "National Champion" (or even highly ranked in something like basketball) there is no reason to go berserk. It would seem as though fans derive their self-esteem from a team's success. A team ranking of "first" or "best" applies only to those who participated. Even in their most liberal translation, these words could never mean something like "you also have the best fans." There is no reason for a fan to depend on something as insignificant as a win or a loss

with a few friends all dressed exactly alike in the most hideous colors imaginable, and have her show up at the temple with a blood test.

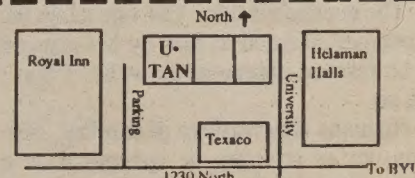
By now I suppose that the majority of you are saying, "Well, if you don't like it, leave." And I will, as soon as humanly possible; and I will never look back. Not everyone is meant to fit into the BYU dream, and there is nothing wrong with that. Before I left for the 'Y' my bishop told me that I was going to hate it, and he was mostly right, although I didn't understand why for two years. So why am I here? BYU is cheap, quick, and I have found two redeeming virtues. The first of these graces are the fire-sides and devotionals; the second is that I found two friends, true friends, while here at the 'Y.' You could destroy everything else about BYU, and I would never shed a tear. And if I could find those two things anywhere else in the world I would be the first one to leave, but until I find such a place, you could raise my tuition to ten times its current amount and I would find a way to pay it.

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## EDITORIAL

# State of the Art

by William Norman Grigg

As the new school year commences, it is my sincere desire that among the numerous trials that will beset us we will be spared this annoyance: a new poster calendar by Shayne Zundel. "Who is Shayne Zundel?" you ask. He is the young LDS entrepreneur who gave us the 1988 RM poster calendar, a.k.a. "The Mormon Maiden's Complete Guide to Celestial Comparison Shopping."

Predictably, Zundel found an ennobling rationale in which to cloak this thoroughly questionable enterprise. "I'm not trying to make light of what people do on their missions," explained Zundel in the pages of *Sunstone*. "I'm just trying to show that they can be high fashion and RM's too." Accordingly, Zundel's calendar features various hunkish RM's attired in costly apparel.

There is little doubt that one can be high fashion and an RM too. One can also be a child molester and an RM; all he has to do is forget what he had done for two years of his life. The question is this: Can one retain the perspective afforded to him by his mission and be fashion-conscious as well? I don't think so.

Fashions are creatures of caprice. Few things are as arbitrary or ephemeral as a vogue. (Don't believe me? Check out a



SR Art by Nathan Augustine

Johnny Carson rerun from, oh, about 1978. Those clothes were considered fashionable then). The message carried by missionaries, on the other hand, is thoroughly un-fashionable; to paraphrase a very wise man, the gos-

pel stands athwart fashion, crying "Stop." Any seminary student can explain the Book of Mormon cycle that ends when the people become fashion-conscious and proud.

The philosophy behind Zundel's calendar is a shaky marriage of the eternal and the ephemeral. These perspectives should be granted a divorce on the grounds of mutual incompatibility. One of the few things that are as ephemeral as fashion is physical beauty. "Vanity of

vanities, everything is vanity," exclaimed Solomon, who also noted that there is nothing new under the sun. Throughout history, people have been obsessed with the idea of sheltering their youthful beauty from the ravages of time. In every age beauty has proven to be as evanescent as a handful of snowflakes.

Granted, our age is uniquely vain: it is an era of cosmetic surgery and liposuction. An acquaintance of mine, a songwriter whose wit qualifies as a concealed weapon, has written a song called "State of the Art" that describes a young woman who sets out to get "The best body that money can buy." The song laments, "It's too bad they couldn't fix the personality."

"Progress" in defining gender roles has brought us to this: men are now emancipated

enough to permit them to preen in a manner that would have embarrassed any self-respecting Victorian tart. Film critic Jeffery Lyons has observed that leading men such as Mel Gibson and Tom Cruise are now photographed in soft light, much like female sex goddesses of yesteryear. Andrew Sullivan of *The New Republic* magazine captured the essence of the man of the 1980's: "A current ad for Calvin Klein's Obsession for men perfume shows a young, attractive man — hair slicked back, suit pressed, and in love in the way only an '80's man can be; he's staring straight into the mirror."

Fashion consciousness is a type of self-love, and vanity is a very jealous mistress. How can a young man who seeks to retain the perspective that a mission provides benefit from cultivating either trait? Are the epicene fashion plates who surround us to be considered paragons of spirituality?

Foppishness has a certain appeal within Mormon culture. Some renderings of the Prophet Joseph would not be out of place in GQ, for instance, Mormon romance literature (an oxymoron?) often comes swaddled in covers that depict flawlessly beautiful youth: central casting's idea of spirituality. There seems to be a general assumption that physical beauty is a legitimate measurement of an individual's spiritual stature. (This would come as a shock to a spiritual giant like Wilford Woodruff—not exactly a photogenic individual.)

This philippic may be interpreted as an attack of sour grapes on the part of one who cannot aspire to hunkdom. So be it. I take great satisfaction in the thought that nothing fashionable lasts. Consider: when you attend your thirty year class reunion, how will you be able to identify the former pretty boys? Simple. They'll be the ones with the hair transplants, and the facelifts. And the alimony payments.

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing as a concerned reader even though I have had extensive ties to the *Student Review* in the past. As opposed to many first-time (or even long-time) readers of the *Review* I am very aware of the policy and the practice of listening to and printing all comments about the magazine and I feel that I have a burning one.

I am in firm opposition to the choice of running Mr. Quinn's article in the *Year in Review*. I am highly offended for several reasons. First, I object to the prestigious placement of the article. Quinn's Marketplace is on the first page inside the cover and consciously or not this place of prominence delineates importance. After all, this is the same place that you plead for recruits, advertise important events, and run your "best" stories.

Furthermore, this article's tone can be summarized in one word. . .bitter. Does the *Student Review* really want to portray itself as "bitter?" Moreover, as to the abyss of acidity in the article, I rely on the acknowledgement of one of your own editor/writers, who is both a non member and inclined toward the caustic, yet who also confirmed my impression that this article was indeed corrosively critical.

I am even more incensed by the choice of placement because I feel that this article, of all articles, is almost antithetical to the purpose of the *Student Review*. The *Year in Review* is for many their first experience with the magazine and first impressions are important. It is in special issues like this that you reiterate mission statements, not skew perspectives. The concepts in the article by Quinn are not, as far as I know, the premises upon which the *SR* was founded nor should they be those upon which it continues.

This leads me to the third point and perhaps the one which best describes my

offense. The author and content involved in the *Marketplace* article violate my aspirations for the magazine's future. As many readers are aware, the *Review* is based on a policy of accepting and printing anything that is "tasteful." They therefore feel that the content is, for the most part, determined by writers who submit what they feel should be read. However, many readers are unaware that the *Year* issue is wholly decided on by the publisher and the editors.

In this case you pique my sense of right and wrong when you print someone who considers BYU to be the "Auschwitz of the mind" as an agent of "your" views. D. Michael Quinn makes his reputation one of BYU-bashing and bitterness. I find that the content of his reprinted article outrages my sense of reasoned, mature, unsensationalized critique of the establishment and the culture. It is fine to print that type of writing once, but twice? He has his reasons for leaving and I have mine for coming and staying, yet his view is portrayed as "representative" of the tint of the *Student Review*? I'm not sure that this would be best for your relationship with many of your readers who have expressly chosen this university for its faith and culture.

I'm glad that there is a magazine which deals with pertinent issues and yet is not under the constant scrutiny and censorship of the administration. I wholeheartedly support the effort to print tasteful and insightful analysis of local and world issues. Yet if, in the near future, the *Student Review* insists on adopting Quinn's views, biases, and caustic analysis of the culture and establishment of BYU, I will publicly dissociate myself from the organization, just as I would have done with the *Seventh East Press* before it metamorphosized into the Mormon-bashing bastion for which it has so prominently become known.

—Mike Bothwell

## SENIORS AND JUNIORS! FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES!

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The Honors Program Office, 350 MSRB, has information on 100s of other graduate scholarships, fellowships, and grants. Call S. Neil Rasband, 378-2309, to make an appointment for a consultation.



## Duke and Bush from page one

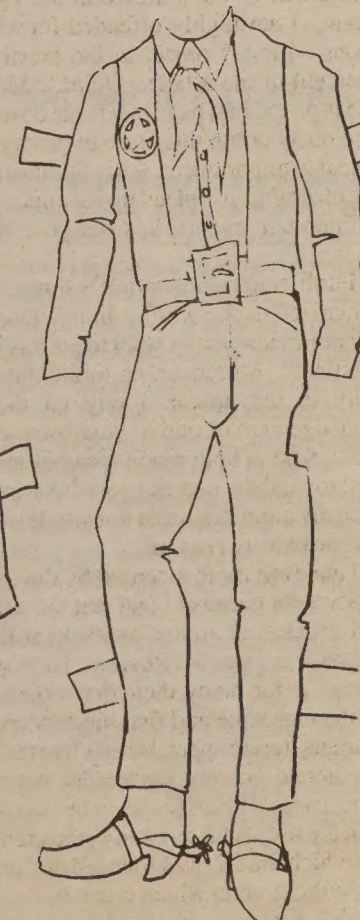
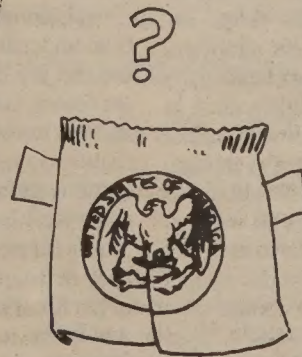
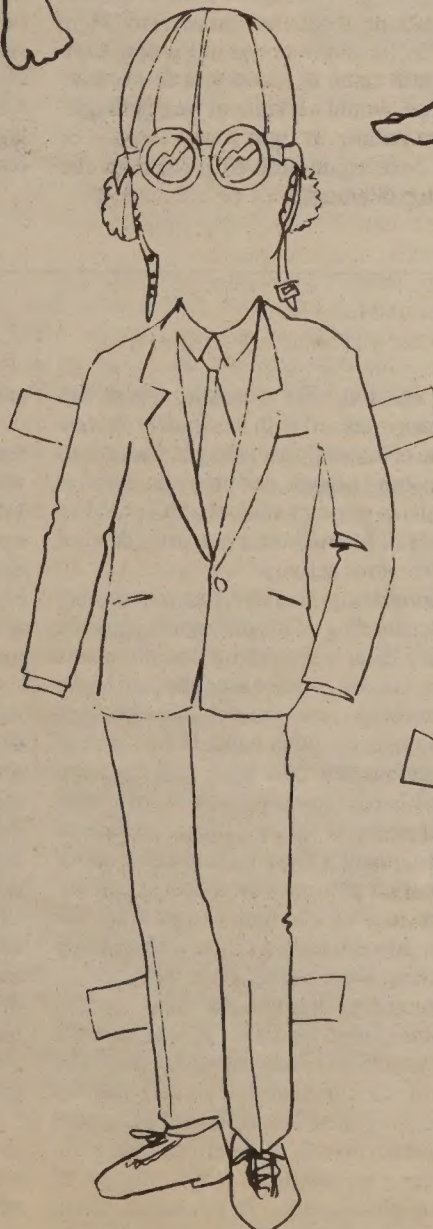
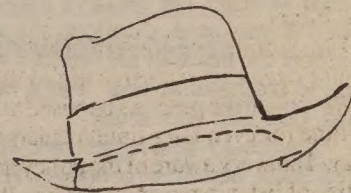
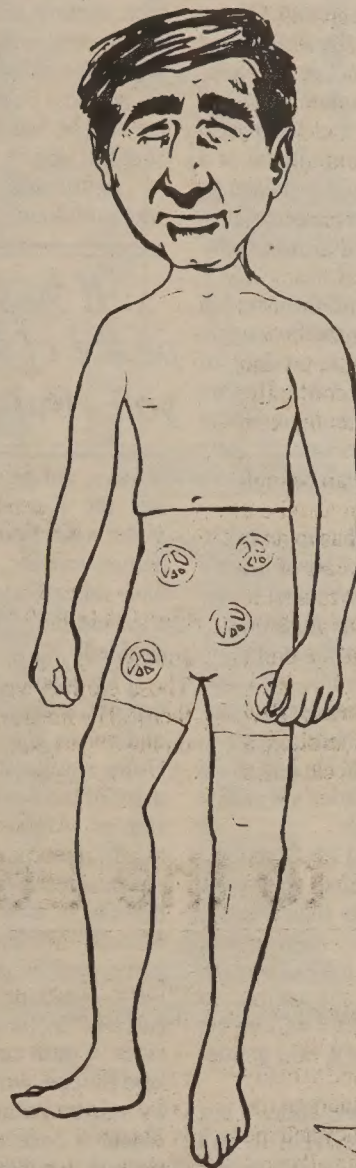
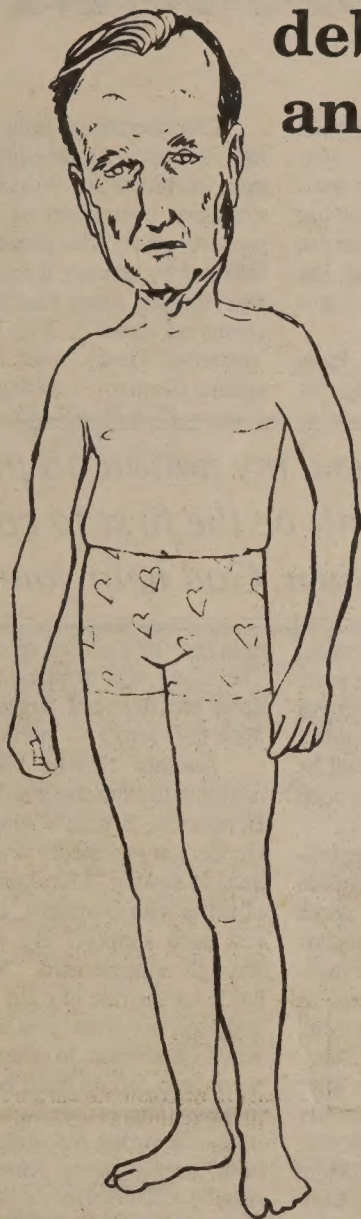
saying that limited research is acceptable but that deployment is not. The Real Duke would strap himself to an MX missile and shoot himself into orbit with nothing but a Smith and Wesson rather than let our precious nation go unprotected from thousands of communist nuclear weapons.

Under a liberal Dukakis administration, our nation's armed forces would suffer from shrunken defense budgets and lack of visionary leadership. Programs like the B-1 bomber and advanced naval hardware would most certainly be scrapped. Dukakis' cadre of liberal advisers would most likely prevail, setting our national defense back to its pre-Reagan capabilities. The Real Duke would never stand for such a betrayal of our trust. He knew what strong men and strong machines were all about. He flew fighter planes in the Pacific, rode in tanks in Europe, and stormed the beach at Iwo Jima. Dukakis' experience includes driving a Dodge Aspen, using public transportation, and denying the military permission to build communications facilities in his state. But defense is not The Real Duke's only area of expertise. While Dukakis may claim he is strong on environmental issues, John Wayne has proven it to us. Dukakis let Boston Harbor sit for years without cleaning it up; John Wayne, on the other hand, spent his years riding across the West, seeing the environment that so many eastern liberals know only from Sierra Club calendars. To be fair, I suppose Dukakis is very familiar with the diverse flora and fauna of the Greater Boston area, but so was George McGovern. As well, Dukakis does have support in the farm belt, but we've already had a farmer as President and look where he got the country. The Real Duke is not some citified technocrat, but a man that knows the meaning of a good horse and a worn saddle. John Wayne would defend the environment for all Americans to enjoy in vivid technicolor, with a scene change always waiting in case of plot twists like dioxin poisoning, acid rain, or polluted beaches.

Attempting to convince the American people that their party is now committed to family values, the party that gave us "Acid, Amnesty, and Abortion" has begun to champion what to many Democrats are new issues: child care, education, and drug reform, among others. What many Americans don't realize is that John Wayne was ahead of the Democrats by years. In one of our nation's best social programs ever, "True Grit," John Wayne, as a handicapped single parent, led an adolescent young woman across the wilderness without big government stepping in to tell him what to do or how to do it. The Real Duke's stance on education is simple: learn only what you need to know. Under a Real Duke administration, schools would teach down-to-earth practical skills, not the intellectual elitism of Swarthmore and Harvard. Rather than taking the Pledge of Allegiance out of the classroom, John Wayne would put prayer back in. John Wayne's approach to social programs still believes that the American Dream is for everyone. Instead of focusing on decline and decay, The Real Duke offers bootstraps to all those willing to pull themselves up.

So I guess that's the biggest complaint I have with Mr. Dukakis. He's trying to be someone he's not. At 5'8" he stands a bit more than knee-high to the wall of a man we called John Wayne. The two men have about as much in common as a greek fisherman's cap and a 10-gallon hat. Mr. Dukakis may be many things, but he is most certainly not The Duke. That name should be reserved for the man who gave us all a little more faith in ourselves and in what our country means. Maybe we could find a new name for Mr. Dukakis. Something that fits his stature. Something that fits his personality. Something boring. Calling Dukakis The Duke not only offends my memories of John Wayne, but seems to me a lot like calling a schnauzer "Lassie."

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## EDITORIAL

## Surrender At Munich

by William Norman Grigg

Fifty years ago this month, Neville Chamberlain, Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, and Eduouard Daladier met at Munich. By September 30, a plan had been hammered out to leave Czechoslovakia defenseless. Chamberlain went home to bask in the adulation of a pacifist England: he had brought "Peace In Our Time." A little more than a year later, England was embroiled in a World War, fighting for her survival.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Munich Summit takes place as Polish workers struggle against a dictatorship that is a product of Chamberlain's concessions to Hitler. Dissent is stirring throughout Eastern Europe, where the population has been shackled for forty years by dictatorships installed by Hitler's heirs, the Soviets.

No episode is more paradigmatic of twentieth century diplomacy than Chamberlain's surrender at Munich. It was the jewel in the crown of Chamberlain's policy of appeasement—keeping Hitler at bay by throwing him chunks of Europe. Chamberlain—who was convinced that Hitler was a "moderate" surrounded by "hardliners" in the Nazi regime—failed to recognize what would happen when he ran out of red meat to cast Hitler's way. Ere long Britain was on the menu.

Those who were betrayed by Chamberlain understood what was coming. As the ink was drying on the documents that were to guarantee Czechoslovakia's destruction, Czech Minister Jan Majaryk told Chamberlain, "If you have sacrificed my nation to preserve the peace of the world, I will be the first to congratulate you. But if not, gentlemen, God help your souls!"

Czechoslovakia represented Hitler's last significant bloodless conquest. Had it not been handed to the Fuhrer, it is possible that he

would have been deposed. One of the cruel ironies of history is that Chamberlain's Munich summit took the steam out of an anti-Hitler conspiracy. Opposition was growing within the military, which opposed Hitler not because his plans were morally perverse, but because he was leading Germany into a war it couldn't win.

At the time of the Munich summit, Paris was mobilizing, London was stiffening its

*"If you have sacrificed my nation to preserve the peace of the world, I will be the first to congratulate you. But if not, gentlemen, God help your souls!"*

resolve, defiance was solidifying in Prague, and the German People were apathetic. Hitler's Air Force was capable of impressive demonstrations, but little else. He couldn't have taken Czechoslovakia by force: had he tried and failed, World War II could have been avoided.

On March 17, following Hitler's demolition of Czechoslovakia, Neville Chamberlain underwent a sudden change of heart about Hitler similar to Jimmy Carter's re-assessment of the Soviet Union following the invasion of Afghanistan: the responses were as nearly identical as the policies that led to them. Appeasement, far from being unique to Chamberlain, is alive and well. Fifty years after Munich, Michael Dukakis—who apparently perceives Mikhail Gorbachev to be a "moderate"—is talking about a new strategy to "Fight and win" a conventional war in Europe. Consider: if push came to shove in a de-nuclearized Europe, would a continent twice pillaged by war be willing to fight round three—or would it once again seek to placate its foe through appeasement?

Chamberlain's policy of appeasement had its roots in moral equivalence—the idea that the blame for World War I was not the exclusive possession of one party, but the property of all who participated. Blame was diffused by sharing it among the Countries who fought, Arms Merchants (a.k.a. "Merchants of death"), Big Business, etc. The Versailles Treaty, with its stiff reparations against Germany, was depicted by "Informed

opinion" as a source of shame for the West. The effect was to place the moral onus not upon the defeated aggressor, Germany, but upon the victors—particularly Britain.

Another Neville who figured prominently in the surrender at Munich was Neville Henderson, Britain's Ambassador to Berlin. Henderson repeatedly wrote about Britain's need to sustain "Moral principles" in its relationship with Germany. How was it to manifest such support? By pacifying Germany through appeasement. "We cannot win the battle for the rule of right versus might unless and until our moral position is unassailable," wrote Henderson. In other words, Britain had no right to defend itself because of its imperfections. This is the essence of appeasement. It bears a strong resemblance to an article of faith among many American intellectuals; Neville Chamberlain's American heirs proclaim that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are "Two Kids in a Playground", morally identical antagonists locked in a pointless "Cycle of Violence."

Chamberlain's surrender at Munich made Hitler's career as a conqueror possible. Hitler's career, in turn, served as midwife to the birth of the Soviet Empire. Hitler's next step after Czechoslovakia—the rape of Poland—was engineered by Stalin's advisors and made possible by the Hitler/Stalin Pact. On September 18, 1939, Soviet troops linked up with Nazi forces at Brest-Litovsk before conducting their gang rape of Poland. Appropriately, this meeting occurred on the twenty-first anniversary of the completion of the Brest-Litovsk treaty between Soviet Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany.

September 18, 1988 finds Poland suffering under a regime forcibly installed by Hitler's erstwhile allies. The tenacity of the Polish population may at long last be wearing down the resolve of their captors. This is one of many hopeful signs that the Soviet Empire may be collapsing, and that the long war against the totalitarian may finally be coming to an end.

Nevertheless, prudence dictates that we think in terms of a worst-case scenario. The foundation of appeasement is a desire to think the best of potential adversaries. Chamberlain's nemesis Churchill took a more cynical view. When asked how much defense spending would be enough to confront the threat of Nazism, Churchill replied that the question brought to mind the story of a man who received a telegram that his mother-in-law had died. "Embalm, cremate, bury at sea—take no chances," came the reply.

Sound advice indeed. The chief lesson of Munich is simple: Democracies must not take chances with their survival. This lesson came at a dear cost fifty years ago, a price that is still being paid by the souls immured inside an empire that differs only in nuance from Hitler's.

## Spielberg from front page

world by using those techniques which appeal to the world. This makes great marketing sense, but little spiritual sense. When we sell our religion as something it is not—an action-packed, fun-filled, party till you drop—instead of as what it is—commitment, sacrifice, and prayerful soul searching—we cheapen the ideals most important to Mormonism (and, in fact, most religions), and we become of, rather than just in, the world we are trying to change.

One could ramble on endlessly about the decadence and misplaced values of modern society, but reflected in this advertisement I found a central problem that faces our society and, unfortunately, the Mormon community: we are becoming what I refer to as a "fun-centered society." Fun has become the end-all achievement of American existence. The word "party" has evolved from a noun to a verb to a life-style to a religion. This religion has its different sects (I couldn't count how many "Party Naked" t-shirts I saw this summer), but they are all tied together by the pursuit of the endless good time.

I am sure by now that many of you are thinking, "who is this guy? Doesn't he like to have any fun?" Let me set the record straight.

I am not anti-fun. For example, one of the reasons I am involved with the *Student Review* is that one of its purposes is to get students to lighten up, have a laugh, and enjoy the creativity and talents of other students. It is hard to imagine a full life without a generous dose of fun and frivolous activity.

What is missing, I believe, from our society is an understanding of the difference between fun and joy. Fun is something that stimulates the senses, creates emotional or physical highs and lets us escape from the weightier issues of reality. Joy, on the other hand, is the sense of extreme satisfaction over a job well done and a life well lived, the expression of love from family members, or seeing a friend free herself from self-defeating behavior and take control of her life. Fun is racing a missionary companion home to see who got skunked by the mailman. Joy is kneeling down with a family and watching them change their lives.

Traditionally, individuals have turned towards religion to find a set of values and a lifestyle which will bring sustained joy. The religion of the fun-centered society teaches that those things which bring happiness are the ones which involve the little effort, little pain, and certainly no sacrifice. It is a religion of immediate gratification. In this sense, fun is not only fundamentally different from joy, it is

antithetical.

An excellent example of the spread of the fun-centered society can be found in the music which we listen to. Many might disagree, but I do not believe that music has much effect upon our behavior or values. It is, however, an excellent mirror of the values already present. For instance, one can gain a pretty good look at the soul of the black slave by listening to the music he produced.

But what do we learn from the music of AC/DC or Twisted Sister? All I hear is a sense of despair. There is no search for beauty or divinity or even humanity. Instead, the pounding and screaming of the acid rockers echoes the purgatory of the fun-centered society. In heavy metal, there seems to be an incessant driving for some kind of painful, orgasmic finale which is always somewhere beyond the next crash of the cymbal or wrenching wail of a lonely E-string. This music reflects the basic difference between fun and joy: Joy always builds on itself, whereas fun feeds on itself, always requiring an increasing diet of sensual gratification.

Not all music, however, reflects despair. Some music invokes the entire range of human emotion, from the divine to the profane. The real danger of music is not Satanism or any of the evils warned of by Tipper Gore or our own

Lex de Azevedo. The real danger is that most of the music we listen to is totally passive. There is no involvement of the listener, no thought, no sincere emotion. Fun-centered theology urges the hunt for entertainment, to consume the thoughts and ideas of others. Joy comes from from work, creativity, from production. It is sad, for instance that many students feel that a good teacher is primarily an entertainer. A good teacher, rather, is one who can incite students to explore the depths of their own minds.

It is comforting that I belong to a church which stresses the difference between fun and joy. It is troubling, however, that the doctrines of fun-centered theology seem to be slipping into the culture of Mormondom. Call me self-righteous, but I think I have every right to be offended by the Spielberg approach to missionary work, which titillates the senses but does nothing for the soul. Presenting our religion to the world as what it really is, a life-long, humble struggle to find out God's will for us and to then act upon it, may not draw the crowds or fill the lawn at a church pageant, but it will offer those who see the emptiness of the passive, fun-seeking world a glimmer of hope that there is way to a brighter and more joyous future.



# ARTS & LEISURE

## *Traveling in Egypt*

# The Long Haul to Siwa

by Gary Burgess

*Originally run in the Middle East Times, a regional weekly in English based in Cairo and Cyprus, this article begins a series of reports on Egyptian culture and society by Gary Burgess. He spent last summer teaching English there as part of a summer internship program sponsored by the Kennedy Center.*

In many ways, the dusty square with fuel trucks and land-rovers driven by soldiers with slow reflexes is typical to Egypt. Everything looks like it's ready to collapse, donkey carts pull off to roads leading into all directions, and the same hot summer sun is overhead.

Actually, the sun is a little hotter in Siwa Oasis, and the women in the roads are fewer. The red, yellow and green clothes on the women, and the local crafts seem more brilliant, but that may just be the sun. You'll want to buy a melon here, asking for a knife, spitting the seeds onto the ground.

They have two restaurants there, run by small boys when their fathers are in the fields. There you can pass a pleasant enough evening waiting for the generators to turn back on, comparing "ethnic" experiences with the two or three other foreigners in the Oasis, and then it's to your room where you'll spend a raw and ruptured night sweating into your pillow.

In the road in the mornings are some of the fathers boiling *falafel* in the street. But they leave everything to their sons, before the sun rises over the dates and palms, to their gardens for the day.

It's in the morning that you can rent a bicycle. That ride cannot be sold in souvenir like papyrus, or anything brass, like in Cairo. A bazaar merchant can sell you something,

anything, very old and very Mameluke - but not that bike ride. And even though the crafts here are terribly hard to resist in their style, and in their tragedy (many Siwans have put up for sale family jewelry impossible to replace), still, they do not tell the whole story.

How can they, when someone who looms as large as Alexander the Great himself made his three-week caravan pilgrimage here. He did it across a trackless waste of the Sahara that has swallowed entire armies and left Siwa isolated from the world until the last century.

That seems to be the key; when you say you're going to Siwa to any dusty-haired gallabeya between Alexandria and the Libyan border, they know. They know the long, barren, six-hour haul after Marsa Matrouh that never gives greater sights than oil barrels and soldiers stopping your taxi, or bus, wiping beans off their faces. They've been that way, and maybe wondered what was beyond the camels and telephone lines, if there was anything better.

But back to the bike ride; it's the way to see Siwa. Leave early and to the east, and after a half hour you'll see Cleopatra's Bath. This is the swim to take your son to, when he is old enough. And in the mornings, the air is right; at night the Siwans cool off here. Herodotus called this the Pool of the Sun, and the water is sweet.

Further down a narrow, pockmarked path, the dates and

palms clear and you see the remains of the Temple of Amun. One wall remains on its hill, with its hieroglyphics, amid a pile of gigantic blocks lay like tan legos left by a boy. Two minutes later you're walking through the rain-washed remains of a mud fortress on a hill.

Take this slowly. Remember Alexander and what he came here for. He wanted to know if he was the son of the god Amun, if he was the rightful heir to the Pharaoh's throne. He'd taken Egypt from the Persians, but he wanted his divine right.

Past a wall, the rectangular stone edifice which once housed the Oracle is clearly seen. It's the only thing that's not mud. Take time here as you pass through the outer chambers. Feel like you are wanting your divine right. The final



room is where the Oracle counselled the Great, and others in the ancient world.

That is most of the history. There is a half-day trip to a number of tombs you need a local to open for you. But generally, the visitors who stay, stay for the Oasis life, as distinct and captivating as anywhere in Egypt.

The Siwans are generally prosperous, and most of their children, after seeing what's outside want to stay and marry in Siwa another Siwan. They're not out to be your guide; in fact, the foreigner's presence is dealt with more sedately here than in most places in Egypt. If you're ready to perish under the

## A Cairo Busride

A fan on you when you stand  
giving your seat away.  
A dark arm over your shoulder.  
Leaning and your legs weak,  
the quiet rubble, their eyes casabas.  
The dust in the air never clears  
over guns cocked,  
over the felines older than shanties.

It's out there where they sit in brown  
and smoke water.  
There they say Welcome, God is Great.  
They put hands over hearts  
when light falls and minarets call  
a noisy den of students to the floor.  
Faint, believing, you mean what you say about river gifts  
when a look from a veil picks you up—  
throwing you somewhere down the Nile.

—by Gary Burgess

“They’ve been that way, and maybe wondered what was beyond the camels and telephone lines, if there was anything better.”

sun, you can stop a man working in the trees and wave your arms like you're swimming; he'll point you to the nearest natural pool. There you'll be with, perhaps, some truck drivers washing off the grease on their way back to Matrouh, to the coast. Or maybe some Bedouin boys on their way to town.

The Siwans see foreigners as benign here, and a little ignorant. Coming in twos and threes, they seem often less than a curiosity to the natives. Walking down a lonely track, you may be invited to dinner, but don't expect to be barraged with ten-word English vocabularies. Some Siwans are still learning Arabic. You can expect a meal, but not a long goodbye.



# Review's Reviews

## Tucker ★★★★★

by Greg W. Anderson

*Tucker: The Man and His Dream* is one of those rare films that sneaks up and delights its audiences. Executive producer George Lucas and director Francis Ford Coppola present the true story of car-maker Preston Tucker, an inventor who, in the post-war 1940's, sets out to build the car of the future.

The car he invents, and intends to mass-produce is a rear-engine, family-sized car built for speed, safety and economy. Tucker presents these ideas years before government or consumers demand them. And because his ambition to put Detroit's "Big Three" car makers out of business is a possibility, the "Big Three" put the squeeze on Tucker's dream car.

As in *Peggy Sue Got Married*, Coppola's ability of bringing the past to life is once again apparent. The film starts with a splashy, Technicolor, wide-screen promotional film for the Tucker automobile complete with old-fashioned titles and a corny announcer. The audience is immediately transported back in time a few decades for a pleasurable two hours. Most importantly, no expenses are spared in recreating Tucker's original automobile prototypes (twenty-two

of the actual Tucker automobiles were painstakingly restored by the Tucker Automobile Club of America for use in the film). The audience is also treated to a full-color resurrection of the Tucker automobile plant's assembly line.

There is but one bothersome scene in which Tucker speaks with Howard Hughes while standing under the flying boat that everyone (except Hughes) liked to call the "Spruce Goose." The actual "Spruce Goose" is used as a backdrop, but it's too obviously shown under the dome where it is on permanent display in Long Beach, California. Sure, we can't expect even George Lucas to be able to move that plane just to shoot a scene, but anyone who's seen the plane on display will get thrust back in to the 1980's for that moment of the film. It's too bad, because it might distract viewers from a bullseye performance by Dean Stockwell as a Howard Hughes already losing his grip on reality.

This film is full of fine performances. Although many in the audience will already know the ending, the villains are still powerful and incredibly cruel, while the heroes are touching and believable. Jeff Bridges (*Starman*) is brilliant as the eternally optimistic Preston Tucker, always refusing to be defeated by defeat. Jeff's father, Lloyd Bridges plays the lead politician plotting to crush Tucker, and Martin Landau deserves to win

an Oscar for his role as Tucker's chief business partner. All this is backed up by a snappy jazz soundtrack masterminded by Joe Jackson.

Tucker is a true American hero in a "feel good" story about family, ethics, morals, dreams and a beautiful car. (You'll scream to have your own car painted the same color as any one of the Tuckers in this movie). I say, give it four big stars, because all movie heroes should be as fascinating and inspiring as Preston Tucker.

Angelo hanging around the house. Things take a turn for the convenient when her husband, Frank "The Cucumber" De Marco gets iced by the big man and she decides to take full advantage of her second chance by giving away a houseful of hot merchandise to Goodwill and moving to a dump on the lower East side.

While trying to eke out an honest existence, she finds that she can't shed her past. The FBI tails her every move and her husband's killer, Tony "The Tiger" Russo, tries to woo her. The plot accelerates when all these characters, plus an angry Mrs. Russo, come together in a Miami Beach sting operation.

The uniqueness of this movie is that it doesn't get put into the pair of cement Reeboks that cause most New York/Mafia movies to drown in their own caricature. Many of the film's attributes are understated: realistic locations and dialogue, scenes shot with available light and a hand held camera, moments of bizarre humor, an exotic but unobtrusive soundtrack that includes ditties from Rosemary Clooney's "Mambo Italiano" to a Debby Harry version of "Liar, Liar", and credit footage that's not included in the film. Basically, in *Married to the Mob*, little things mean a lot and they all add up to a gangster movie that doesn't have to break your kneecaps to get its point across.

## Married to the Mob ★★★

by Scott Siebers

The bonus buck days of summer are over and even though this year's crop was better than average, it's nice to run into a film that's not designed specifically to separate tots from their allowances. *Married to the Mob* is no blockbuster, but director Jonathan Demme persuades smoothly and quietly. Like a Godfather sure of his goons, he makes an offer you shouldn't refuse.

Michelle Pfeiffer, complete with brunette doo and authentic Queens accent returns to a familiar role as the wife of a hood. In *Scarface* she played the Connecticut deb turned coked out pleasure princess, but this time she gets tired of guns and guys named

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## Music Reviews

by Jeff Hadfield

Join our seriously sedated reviewer in the veritable spin-o-rama of recent summer releases. Encapsulated, analyzed her for your irreversible enlightenment...

### Huey Lewis and the News: *Small World* (Chrysalis) ★★

Huey and the band call this a radical departure from their first four albums. It isn't. It is still the same basic rock'n'roll with a few international influences thrown in to vary the formula.

Only part of the album—"Perfect World" (the latest single), "Small World" (parts one and two) and "Better Be True"—rank with the best of the News. The rest is somewhat tiring, sounding uninspired. Even the band's showpiece instrumental, "Slammin'," becomes tedious as it closes the album.

Huey Lewis fans will probably enjoy the record. Let's hope that on Lewis' current tour the ecstatic reactions to his earlier songs and the lukewarm ones to his new material will spur him to do something a little more interesting next album.

### Scritti Politti: *Provision* (Warner Bros.) ★★★

This British band finally comes of age on this record. Intelligent and amazingly polysyllabic lyrics combined with catchy, synthesized dancefloor pop make this an enjoyable record. Their last effort (and first US release), *Cupid and Psyche '85*, sounded mostly like different arrangements of the same song.

The band avoids that problem this album by both varying their sound and tempo and recruiting some seasoned help. For example, Miles Davis appears on and lends a bit of musical credibility to the project. The legendary jazz trumpeter performed their single "Perfect Way" on his recent *Tutu* album.

The CD and cassette include two extra tracks.

### Hall & Oates: *Ooh Yeah!* (Arista) ★★★

Hall and Oates temporarily parted ways in 1984 to work on solo projects. Hall released a solo album, *Three Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine*. Oates released one solo track (found on the *About Last Night* soundtrack) and produced various other bands, including the latest Icehouse release, co-writing the hit "Electric Blue."

Their return from this four year hiatus from recording as a duo provides a vitality and originality to *Ooh Yeah!* that has been missing from their last few albums. Hall's voice is in fine form, and his trademark vocal pyrotechnics abound. Everything down to the songwriting on this record is their best in years. The two singles, "Everything Your Heart Desires," and "Missed Opportunity," display the updated trademark Hall and Oates "Philly Soul" sound that has garnered them so many hits in recent years.

During their recent live shows, Hall's ego often overwhelms the material, but on record, *Ooh Yeah!* is their best work to date.

### Steve Winwood: *Roll With It* (Virgin)★★

Steve Winwood is amazingly talented. He recorded his first hit, "Gimme Some Lovin'," in 1965 at age 17 with the Spencer Davis Group. In recent years, however, he has become more polished and less interesting. This, his first album for Virgin America follows the same formula as his last album, *Back in the High Life*, and the two are largely indistinguishable from one another.

*Roll With It* is immaculate in performance, and, with the exception of the R & B flavored title track, perfect background music for Michelob commercials.

## The Mass of Music Mediums

by Preston Stewart

1988 will probably be remembered as the year of confusion in music mediums. It's not enough that we have to decide whether or not to change all of our old outdated LP's and soon to be outdated tapes into CD format, but now we have to worry about the ever so elusive and mysterious DAT players and tapes. That's "digital audio tape" for you not so trendy audiophiles. This is a format that has been threatening the American market for a couple of years now. Not to worry though! Here are a few things to remember while losing precious sleep over the matter. Digital audio tapes is exactly that—a tape. Even though it may be recorded digitally, there will still be wear of the tape surface on the player's pick-up device. We will still wait one to two minutes for our tapes to rewind or cue. And this so called new medium will still stretch, break, squeak and eventually, like always, wrap around the rollers in our \$2,000+ tape deck. I don't know about you, but at \$18-\$20 a tape, I have no problem spending \$5-\$15 for my favorite 5" compact disk.

But wait! Did I say 5" disk? What about the new 3" disks? Yes, they are cute, but how do they work? Are they singles? Can they be played on any CD player? How much do they hold? There are

just about as many questions about these new baby disks as there are titles available. Now, these mediums shouldn't be that hard to follow. After all, they deal directly with audio reproduction and nothing else. However, if you would like, we could add another spoke to the already cluttered wheel. Enter CDV's. This is not a new medium by any means, but one that is becoming more and more popular in the laser disk format. These little beauties contain both video and audio encoding and can be played on any number of different players, letting us enjoy our favorite music along with accompanying video (T.V. monitor not included). If you don't want to go to that extreme, you can always purchase a CD, which just has digital graphics, as long as you have the proper CD adapter and RGB monitor. Check out the new Information Society disk for that confusing information.

Well, I could go into the many other formats of disk storage, involving not only audio and video, but also data storage for computers, but even I like to keep my sanity at times. SO ENOUGH OF THAT. Whether you believe it or not, digital storage mediums, like compact disks, are here to stay. The industry has assured that by pumping billions of dollars into the development of the compact disk. So sleep tight, we have nothing to worry about. That is, until someone says, "Hey, let's put the new Grateful Dead album on a computer chip."

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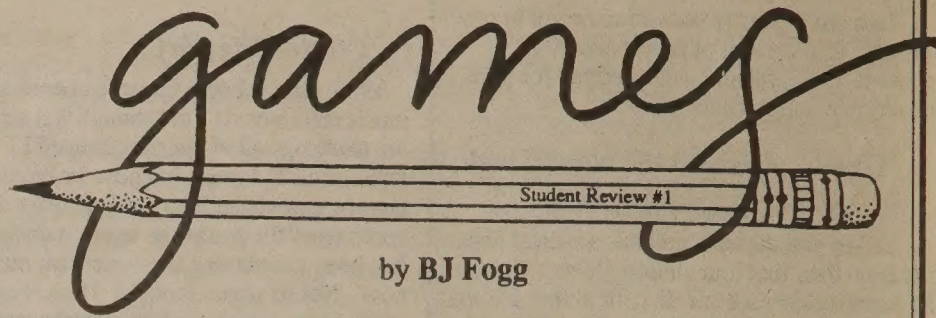
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by BJ Fogg

### 1. Words about Words

Identify the names of the following kinds of words. Check your answers and see where you rate below. I'll give you the first one.

- a word having the same—or nearly the same—meaning. Answer: synonym
- a word meaning exactly the opposite.
- a false name.
- words pronounced the same, but different in meaning and spelling (e.g., *too* and *two*).
- a word that reads the same backwards as forwards (e.g., *level*).
- a word from the initial letters of a term or phrase (e.g., WAC from Western Athletic Conference).
- a composition in which the initial letters of lines form a word or phrase (e.g., *fun* from "Finding the place/Under the stairs/Never was enough."
- words that are pronounced and spelled the same, but have different meanings (e.g., *bear* and *bear*).
- a bringing together of two contradictory terms (e.g., cruel kindness, wise fool).
- words that are spelled the same, but of different origin and meaning.

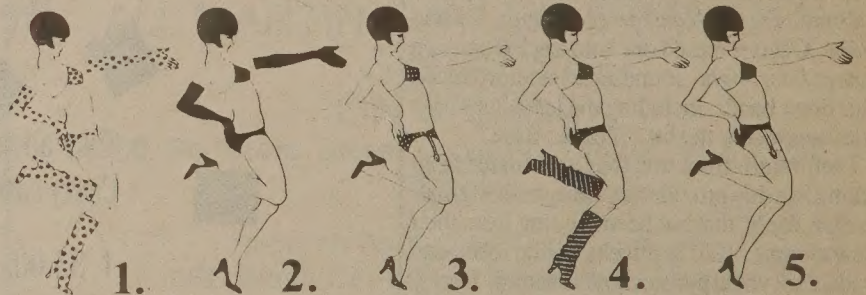
#### RATE YOURSELF

10 correct: linguist  
8 to 9: English major  
6 to 7: journalist  
3 to 5: nursing student  
0 to 2: engineer

### 2. The New Miss BYU Pageant

In 1990, after revamping the purpose of the Miss BYU Pageant, university officials were allowing the beautiful bodies of BYU to parade the stage once again. During the middle of the swimsuit competition, John Stohlton's voice came over the loudspeaker: "Brothers and sisters, your attention please. Contestant number \_ has been disqualified for violating one of the pageant's rules."

Which contestant was disqualified? What rule did she violate?



### 3. Football Predictions

Student Review announces its Football Score Prediction Contest. Write your prediction, name, and phone number on a piece of paper and drop it off at JKHB 1102 in the Student Review dropbox, or sent it to us in the mail (P.O. Box 7902, Provo, 84602). Winners will receive tickets to Cinema in Your Face. Entries close at kick-off.

Upcoming games:

BYU vs. Texas on Sept. 8

BYU vs. UTEP on Sept. 17

**NOTE:** Student Review is looking for a Games Editor—no financial remuneration, but a lot of good fun and great friends. Call 374-5367 to apply.

#### ANSWERS

- (a) synonym (b) antonym (c) pseudonym (d) homophone (e) palindrome (f) acronym (g) acrostic (h) homonym (i) oxymoron (j) homograph.
- Contestant four was disqualified because she was wearing less than five articles of clothing, the minimum allowed by pageant rules.



THE CALENDAR

Thursday, September 8

**LECTURE:**  
Honors Module with Michael Call on Flaubert, Madame Bovary, and French Realism, 6-7 p.m. in Rm. 241 MSRB.  
Planetarium Lecture, "How to Eyeball the Structure of Our Galaxy," Benjamin J. Taylor, 492 ESC, 7:30 & 8:30 p.m. \$1.00 admission.

**THEATRE:**  
"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity:  
"Empire of the Sun", 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
International Cinema:  
250 SWKT, \$1.00 or free with Cinema Card, available from any Humanities, English, or Foreign Language teacher or department.  
"Tampopo," 3:15 p.m.  
"My Dinner With Andre," 5:25 p.m.  
"Gute Reise," 7:30 p.m.  
"Babette's Feast," 8:55 p.m.

**MUSIC:**  
Kenny G., Symphony Hall, SLC, 7:00 p.m. Tickets: 533-6407.

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
Opening day! Not just cattle, pigs and chickens, the Utah State fair also offers classical and modern musical performances, fine arts exhibits, and crafts exhibits (please see box). The fair will open at 3:00 p.m. today, and close at 11:00 p.m. Parking entrances are at 300 N. and 1100 West, or 200 N. and 1000 West. Admission is \$4.00. Parking is \$2.00.

**CLUB**  
Response, an activist group, will hold it's first meeting at 6:00 p.m. in the Kennedy Center. Info: 225-4997 or 375-5124.

Friday, September 9

**LECTURE:**  
"Voyager II at Uranus", Honors Science Discussion, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30 p.m. in the Planetarium, 492 ESC. \$1.00 at the door.

**THEATRE:**  
"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity:  
"Return to Snowy River", 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
"Top Gun," Varsity I, 11:30 p.m.  
Varsity II:  
"The Man From Snowy River", 7:00 & 9:00 p.m., International Cinema:  
250 SWKT  
"Gute Reise," 3:05 p.m.  
"Babette's Feast," 4:25 p.m.  
"My Dinner With Andre," 6:15 p.m.  
"Babette's Feast," 8:15 p.m.  
"I ampopo," 10:05 p.m.

**MUSIC:**  
"Prime Times," an entertainment showcase by the Young Ambassadors, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: ext. 7444.  
"A Night of Great Movie Music" with Christopher Reeve, Utah Symphony, Symphony Hall, 7:00 p.m.

**CULTURE:**  
Greek Festival! Food, Cooking demos, Dancing, Greek House, Hellenic Memorial Building, 279S. 300 W., SLC. 10:00 a.m. - 11:00 p.m.

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
Please see box.

Saturday, September 10

**THEATRE:**  
"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity:  
"Return to Snowy River," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
Varsity II:  
"The Man From Snowy River," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.  
International Cinema:  
250 SWKT  
"My Dinner With Andre," 2:00 p.m.

"Gute Reise," 4:05 p.m.  
"Babette's Feast," 5:30 p.m.  
"Tampopo," 7:25 p.m.  
"My Dinner With Andre," 9:35 p.m.

**MUSIC:**  
"Prime Times," an entertainment showcase by the Young Ambassadors, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: ext. 7444.  
"Oingo Boingo" at Park West, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: Smithtix 467-5996.

**CULTURE:**  
Greek Festival! Food, Cooking demos, Dancing, Greek House, Hellenic Memorial Building, 279 S. 300 W., SLC. 10:00 a.m. - 11:00 p.m.

**PARTY!**  
Student Review Party! Watch for Details.....

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
Please see box.

Sunday, September 11

**MUSIC:**  
Organ Recital, 4:00 p.m., Tabernacle, SLC. Free.

**CULTURE:**  
Greek Festival! Food, Cooking demos, Dancing, Greek House, Hellenic Memorial Building, 279 S. 300 W., SLC. 10:00 a.m. - 11:00 p.m.

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
Please see box.

Monday, September 12

**THEATRE:**  
"Noh Othello", in Shakespearian English in the Classical Noh Style of Japan, by The Noh Shakespeare Group, 5:00 p.m. Nelke Theatre, HFAC, all seats \$4.00.  
"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity:  
"Return to Snowy River," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
Varsity II:  
The Man From Snowy River," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.

**HOLIDAY:**  
Rosh Hashanah begins!

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
Please see box.

Tuesday, September 13

**LECTURE:**  
Honors Module with Harold E. Rosen on Cervante's Don Quixote, 6:00-7:00 p.m. in Rm. 241 MSRB.

**THEATRE:**  
Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main Street, SLC  
"See How They Run" (comedy), 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity Theatre:  
"Return to Snowy River," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
International Cinema:  
250 SWKT \$1.00 or free with Cinema Card  
"Lonely Man's Voice," 3:15 p.m.  
"Jean de Florette," 4:55 p.m.  
"Home from the Sea," 7:35 p.m.  
"Lonely Man's Voice," 9:15 p.m.

**HOLIDAY:**  
Rosh Hashana ends.

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
Please see the box.

Wednesday, September 14

**LECTURE:**  
Honors Module with Steven C. Bule on Italian Renaissance Painting and Sculpture, 6:00-7:00 p.m. in Rm. 211 MSRB.  
Willa Cather Symposium: The Family and Community, Conference Center. Free. Info: 335 KMB or 378-4386.

**THEATRE:**  
Hale Center Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC  
"See How They Run" (comedy), 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity:  
"Return to Snowy River," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

International Cinema:  
250 SWKT  
Lecture 3:15  
"Jean de Florette," 3:45 p.m.  
"Family," 6:15 p.m.  
"Lonely Man's Voice," 8:35 p.m.

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
Please see box.

Thursday, September 15

**LECTURE:**  
Honors Module with Michael Call on Flaubert, Madame Bovary, and French Realism, 6-7 p.m. in Rm. 241 MSRB.  
Willa Cather Symposium: The Family and Community, Conference Center. Free. Info: 335 KMB or 378-4386.  
Executive Lecture, "Business Begins with the Customer," Larry K. Bair, 710 TNRB, 2:00 & 4:00

**THEATRE:**  
Hale Center Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC  
"See How They Run" (comedy), 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity:  
"Return to Snowy River," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
International Cinema:  
"Jean de Florette," 3:15 & 7:25 p.m.  
"Lonely Man's Voice," 5:45 p.m.

**MUSIC:**  
Utah Symphony, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: ext. 7444.

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
See the box.

Friday, September 16

**THEATRE:**  
Hale Center Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC  
"See How They Run" (comedy), 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257

**FILM:**  
Varsity:  
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
Varsity II:  
"Appointment With Death," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.  
International Cinema:  
"Lonely Man's Voice," 3:15 p.m.  
Lecture 5:00 p.m.  
"Final Take," 5:20 p.m.  
Question and Answer 7:30 p.m.  
"Jean de Florette," 8:30 p.m.  
NOTE: Mt. Yoji Yamada, Director of "Home From the Sea," "Family," "Final Take," and "A Distant Cry From Spring," will lecture on "Final Take" and then, after the film, will have an hour long question and answer period.

**MUSIC:**  
Utah Symphony, Strauss, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, Joseph Silverstein conducting. Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m. Info: 533-6407.

**PARTY:**  
2nd Annual Bachelor's Ball! Hosted by the Honors Program. Maser Building lawn, 6:30 p.m. Tickets available at 350 MSRB for \$4.00 single or \$7.00 couple. After the 13th they go up to \$8.00. No tickets at the door.

**UTAH STATE FAIR**  
See box.

UTAH STATE FAIR

September 8-18

Skydiving, Ice Capades (Salt Palace), Barnyard Friends, Sand Sculpture, carnival, and other amusements daily. Fireworks nightly. Queen Contest Sept. 7-8, Rodeo Sept 8-10, Jack D'Johns Sept 9-14, Fishbilt Log Rollers Sept. 9-18, 5-H Racing Pigs Sept. 9-18, Monkey Business & Buddy Organ Grinder, Sept 9-17, Jr. Livestock Auction Sept. 10, Farm Bureau Cookoff Sept 10, Farm Bureau Talent Find Sept 10, Aerobic Contest Sept 10 & 17, Ice Cream Festival Sept. 12, Music Competition Sept. 12-17 (Assembly Hall, Temple Square), Popular/Jazz Music Competition Sept. 13 (State Fair Grandstand), Hypnotist Sept 15-17, Horse Pulling Sept 15, Fair Foundation Auction Sept. 16, Exotic Bird Show Sept. 17, Arm Wrestling Tournament Sept. 18, Chili Cookoff Sept. 18. The fair will open at 9:00 p.m. and close at 11:00 p.m. Parking entrances are at 300 N. and 1100 W., or 200 N. and 1000 W. in Salt Lake City. Admission is \$4.00. Parking is \$2.00.



## Peck continued from page 3

it was very different.

There is, however, one area where I think the *Universe* is really screwy. As editor for *7th East Press* I had to confront real issues and to make real decisions—like whether I was going to falsely ruin someone's reputation, or *should* I even ruin someone's reputation. I really had to deal with the rigorous ethical issues of journalism, as well as learning all the things they teach you in journalism. But students don't get that kind of real-life experience at the *Universe*.

While I was editor I had people come from the *Universe*, on their own, and say, 'We're really supportive of *7th East Press*, but we'd like to give you some suggestions.' And I'd say, 'Great, because I really don't know what I'm doing—we're trying to tackle substantive issues and we want help on how to do it.' Then they would go through and critique the *design* of the paper. They were more interested in manipulating the text so it looked nice on the page—that's what they do there. Half of that newspaper is AP wire text. They're just playing around with the headlines. Even the stories they do write are ones like "Tuition may go up next year"—little milquetoast news stories, nothing that really deals with any substance where you put yourself on the line, and maybe other people too. And those students are graduating thinking they know how to be journalists, when all they know is how to run high-tech computers.

All this reflects on a larger problem at BYU. We don't like discussion at BYU because we are afraid it's going to become contentious. We won't allow political groups to be organized on campus outside the Republicans and the Democrats. Amnesty International, etc., you can list all the groups that are not permitted on campus.

As Michael Quinn has talked about, this is really not a marketplace of ideas, where you have a smorgasbord of ideas that are confronting each other, and in that dialectic you are learning and growing and being stretched. You don't get that at BYU unless you go from one professor to another on your own and force that kind of give and take of the mind. That's sad.

I can understand why the brethren don't want newspapers that are critical of them when they are paying the bills. I really understand that. But on the other hand, this is a university and there should be an openness of ideas. You can have it without being unfaithful or disloyal.

*SR: What difficulties did you have in starting the 7th East Press and in keeping it going—for example, opposition from the administration, student apathy, money...*

Peck: Well, you've listed them all. The University itself didn't take a position. We tried to have the newspaper live off subscription sales and point of purchase sales rather than be a free newspaper, so we had to get permission for it to be sold on campus at the Bookstore. That was very hard to get at first. Only when Ron Priddis went to the press and said 'BYU is banning us' was the Bookstore willing to let us be sold there. The *Daily Universe* wouldn't even let us run an ad for volunteers. This was all early on—before the first issue.

Other problems? Well, lot of students expressed interest, but there were always more people who said they were willing than who actually produced. I'm much more impressed with the number and the diversity of students at the *Student Review* than with what we had at the *7th East Press*.

The kind of stories we wanted—that dealt with issues, that were investigative journalism—required someone to go out and do a lot of interviews. So we came up with news stories we wanted and assigned them to people. And that's the last I'd ever see of some of them. You weren't sure whether they were working on it or not. Some of my favorite stories never got written because some student never got around to it. That was a continuing problem—working with volunteers.

I found the faculty to be much more supportive than the student body, generally. It was kind of fun, bridging a gap, having students and faculty talking to each other through the newspaper.

Money was always a problem. We made a nice income from sales of the newspaper, but never sufficient.

We lived from hand to mouth. Basically, two people ended up running the newspaper: Ron Priddis and myself. We rented an apartment above Kinko's Copies for our office. The front room of the apartment was the office, and the bedroom was where we slept. It was like *Citizen Kane*—24 hours a day we were doing *7th East Press*.

It was always tight. Had we not received some sizeable donations we never would have made it.

*SR: What happened to the paper? Why was it banned?*

Peck: Well, you may know more than I do because I wasn't there at the time. But the *7th East Press*, primarily because of some of the issues it focused on—Church history, for example—became controversial. There were a lot of other things in the newspaper too, but people didn't see that breadth, and it increasingly was offending people.

Probably the real offensive article was one published in the summer of 1982, an overview article on the office of the Patriarch of the Church. It mentioned in passing that one of our patriarchs had been released because he was homosexual. That had been a very closely guarded secret. Even the man's children didn't know he was homosexual, and that's the first they'd heard of it. That was the straw that broke the back for a lot of General Authorities. That's when people in Salt Lake began putting pressure on President Holland to get rid of the paper.

President Holland, however, stonewalled for about six months. It wasn't in his stomach to get rid of the newspaper, to ban freedom of expression at a university.

In the following Winter of 1983, they published an interview with Sterling McMurrin, who in some circles of the Church is a heretic. As a professor of philosophy at the U, he led many Mormons out of the Church—that's the sort of thing people say about him. That interview was seen as really showing the true colors and motivations of the paper's editors. That's when President Benson called Jeff Holland and said, 'No more stalling—kick them off campus.'

*SR: Did anyone consider off-campus distribution like Student Review, or was there now such a stigma about the paper that it just lost support?*

Peck: My sense, and this is quite ironic, is that the paper was dying anyway. Ron Priddis was still there, but he was getting very tired and burned out, and was planning to leave at the end of that semester. The paper probably would have died, just whimpered out.

But when the ban came, they got up enough courage to continue on for a little bit just to show that they could do it. They pulled together all of their energies and produced quite a funny parody of the *Daily Universe*, and then it died.

The *7th East Press* never really conquered the problem of transition from one group of students to another. *Student Review* seems to have done that a lot better.

*SR: Any other thoughts on the 7th East Press?*

Peck: The *7th East Press* suffered an incredible amount from perception of the paper's motives.

The Sterling McMurrin interview is a perfect example. Had that interview come out early on, no one would have had trouble with it. They would have thought it was just another interview, because we did a lot of interviews. But coming out later as it did, people had already formed their opinions to such a degree that they saw the editors not merely reporting Sterling McMurrin's views, but *promoting* them.

So, I would have regularly run an editorial to let people know where the editors were coming from. That way people would have seen the articles as they were intended: pieces for thought.

Something that really hurt the *7th East Press* were the two issues with articles on homosexuality at BYU. I commissioned those, and there was poor judgement in some of what we let go in the articles. I should have run an editorial at the same time letting people know what my position was, which was very different from some of what was reported in the articles. The editor right after me, Tim Slover, did do that but it was too late to mend the damage.

One more observation on the *7th East Press*. We learned why it is very easy for journalists to become cynical. The admini-

stration was increasingly inaccessible to us on certain issues—and so you begin to get angry at them. Also, the rush of putting out a newspaper with the deadlines and all the work it entails—the writing, pasting, long nights and long hours, long, thankless work—it grinds on you. You physically wear down. You're tired all the time, and then your emotions can't be maintained. You start getting angrier, and you make harsher judgements. Your views become warped. I experienced that in many people—most people—at the *7th East Press*.

The whole experience was a quite warping experience. We were not able to maintain the balance that we had when we entered it. It was very difficult. It's hard to fight against that. It's a real challenge to be both a Christian and a reporter in the long term.

It took me years to work through my *7th East Press* experiences. It was a very hard and painful experience. We explored so many issues of faith and history. I did believe in the gospel, because of some of the experiences I had had, but *what* exactly I believed took a lot of sorting to determine. I could not have sorted it out had I remained in a crucible like the *7th East Press*. I had to back away, let things calm and distill, and determine priorities.

It was incredible to me how the physical and emotional exhaustion played upon your ability to reason, think, and believe. I left *7th East Press* for those very reasons.

## Welcome from page one

Labeling BYU is great sport these days. BYU is supposed to be boring, homogeneous, and restrictive. Our buildings are ugly, the night life is lousy, the students are all melonheads. OK, the buildings are ugly. And, well, the night life's lousy too. But let's not sell ourselves short. In our majors, wards, clubs, and in the *Student Review*, there are people we can either judge or learn from and laugh with. In the end it is provincial smugness, not diversity, which is dangerous.

With this in mind, let me take a stab at defining the mission of this newspaper:

1) We mirror an underrated student body. As well as exposing issues, we aim to expose the untapped intellects and talents among us. (Our third year of financial solvency and empty newsstands is proving our point.)

2) We hope that those who join us and those who read us will become better people. Helping with the *Review* improves writing, business, and production skills. Reading the *Review* makes us appreciate other opinions, senses of humor, and issues.

3) This whole newspaper bit gives us an excuse to throw parties.

To achieve this mission, and to continue our role as a forum for student expression, we depend on you. We need your involvement and submissions. We want you to feel welcome. Call our number on page two. Tackle one of our staff. Come to our party at Kiwanis this Saturday evening. This year, *Student Review* wants you to read us and join us.

*Robert D. Tracy*  
Publisher



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